PUBLISHED EVERY DAY BY THE HERALD COMPANY.

SAME SIREN SONG NOW.

He (Mr. Whitney) covertly threatens a great devastating panic, if it (the silver question) is pressed by one country alone. We have heard that siren song for fifteen years. He is in close accord with all the great corporations of the east, which are saying in effect to the public, "Hold up your hands," and demanding gold for everything .- Salt Lake Tribune, June 23, 1896.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Our morning contemporary asks us who wants "reform." Well, genial inquirer, we don't mind mentioning a few.

First, there are 305,000 Bryan men in the Rocky mountain states who still value so highly your warnings of twenty years against the evils of the gold standard that no temptation will cause them to approve its adop-

Then, there are the million or so voters elsewhere who follow Teller, Towne and Dubois (whom you once esteemed as pretty good fellows), who declared in 1896 that they never again would support a gold standard, and now have no appetite to eat their own words.

Likewise, there is a large and growing class of men who are geiting tired (as you used to be) of having panics threatened every presidential year-all as set forth in the text of the article you found it convenient to

Also, there are some millions of day laborers who object (an objection which you once shared) to the absorption of their wages by the boom prices of everything they eat, drink and wear-prices iniquitously inflated to swell the dividends on trust stocks.

Then, there are some hundreds of thousands of men-operatives, drum mers and small traders—who are idle as a result of the "benevolent assimilation" of their industries, and of the current reaction from the boom.

"There are a few of us left"-just plain, ordinary folk-that are protesting against the plan to exploit helpless peoples for the benefit of syndicates, while we "pay the freight."

There are others-but then, although we print twenty pages this morning, we really can't surrender them all in order to fully satisfy your curiosity. Your question will be more explicitly answered Nov. 6.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

The consequences of certain first steps are not always easily foreseen. To this difficulty, rather than the prevalence of folly and obstinacy, may the grief of mankind be charged.

The faiure of the slave owners to observe the settlement made by the Missouri compromise involved us in the most stupendous conflict of the age, and hastened the day for the extinction of slave property.

The dropping of two or three little words, by the Republican party, from the coinage act of 1873 has cost the workers of this country incalculable millions of dollars, and even yet the future results, industrially and politically,

But the consequences of the colonial policy now entered upon are as certain and easily understood as that the night follows the day.

To govern Porto Rico outside of the constitution is the first affirmative of

King George's policy of taxation without representation. To enforce our government upon the Filipinos is the denial of a principle

for which our forefathers rebelled. To destroy thus the two cardinal dectrines of a republic is to admit those very monarchial ideas into this country against which we had raised the bars.

To affirm that it is right to hold two colonies as subjects is to sanction the acquisition of more colonies wherever our military or diplomatic force can To maintain a standing army of 100,000 men for conquering and holding one

colony is to justify a continental military system embracing 500,000 men whenever that colonial policy is developed to require it. To place such a military engine in the hands of one man to be used with

autocratic powers against foreign subjects is to provide the means and the temptation for its use at home.

A few men today control the profit end of the industries of this nation, and through their support of the Republican party, its domestic and foreign policy. We may never have a crowned emperor, yet today every laborer, every miner, every small trader, every farmer, every young man seeking an independent livelihood, feels the effects of an industrial despotism. Will the voters of this country willfully and advisedly sanction a policy that breaks down the barriers of liberty at home and simultaneously places in the hands of a limited plutocracy the mechanism to make their despotism per-

MOMENTUM OF PARTIES.

No keen observer of political history in this country will fail to note that the tendency of any party in a given direction for a reasonable time creates a momentum that carries it past its original goal.

A national movement, that began with the Republican party in 1856 to prevent only the spread of slavery into the territories, culminated in 1864 in the

total abolition of slavery in the United States. The fiscal policy of the same party in its inception contemplated only the doctrine of protection to American infant industries, as an incident to raising necessary revenues. This has grown until today it is extended to protect weak and strong alike, for protection's sake; and protected goods of numerous descriptions are sold abroad, after paying the freight, for much less than

the price to the home consumer. In the early '70s lines of cleavage began to appear in both great parties on the treatment of currency questions. These lines were sectional to some extent; from which it naturally followed that those who wanted money cheap for the benefit of the masses were mainly Democrats from the west and south while those who schemed to make it dear for the benefit of the money loaners, were principally Republicans from the east.

As the years rolled on these characteristics became more and more pro nounced. But even up to 1896 the masses found some hope in the Republican party and the classes some defenders in the opposition. In this year, however, the momentum that each party had acquired during thirty years asserted itself. The Republican party went clear over to the money changers. The Democratic party, which had always had a majority for silver and against surrendering the currency issuing function of the government to the national banks, threw Grover Cleveland off the track as a locomotive would a buffalo.

That happened which was to have been expected. The Republicans gained the bulk of the Democratic moneyed classes, but lost those Republi-

cans whose patriotism exceeded their partisanship. The momentum of the Republican party has carried it far beyond its declared purposes. It now stands not only for a gold standard, but also for all the selfish commercial and corporate interests that backed the gold standard.

The momentum of the Democratic party-receiving a tremendous impetus in its declaration that the United States is big enough to have its own financial policy-has swept the party up to a still higher plane, where it declares that this country is not too big to apply to other peoples all the principles of its own salvation.

Stray Republican sheep, returning to the fold, will only what the sharpened appetites of Hanna's wolves.

Prodigal Democrats, tired of hunting for pearls among swine, cannot, it they would, check the great moral purposes massed behind the greatest leader

The little dogs may bark, the treacherous hounds may bite-disguise it by isolated circumstance how you may-but over and above all it is clear there are two great forces contending for mastery in this country today, each speeding along its way with a momentum born of thirty years:

One upon a track of Gold that leads away from the traditions, the princi-

ples and the morality of its own creators; The other upon those Bimetallic bands that reach back through the years to the foundation of this republic.

"THEY WILL SETTLE THEMSELVES."

Of all the vapid assertions made by the Hanna defenders of trusts, this is the silliest. "This trust has broken, and that trust is disorganized. Let them alone and they will settle themselves." The Herald moves an amendment to give the statement the character of truthfulness: Let them alone

and they will settle themselves upon the people. The trust argument runs upon the theory that trusts become so large and unwieldy that they sink of their own weight. Yes, so do ocean liners occasionally sink of their own weight, notwithstanding all that human skill can devise to prevent it. But you may have observed that those magnificent floating palaces are still doing business and increase in number year by year.

The same lack of foresight or management that bankrupts a small merchant will ruin a large one. The vaster the enterprise the greater the intelligence required to steer it. But the failure of one trust no more estab-

lishes a rule than the sinking of one of those "monsters of the deep." On the contrary, the best combinations of luck and rascality, pluck and brains, will so establish themselves by the force of their own momentum that they become impregnable. This has already been demonstrated as a practical fact in many cases. The trusts are continually widening their field of operations, grasping new industries and limiting the scope of competition even among their kind. If a trust head falls it rolls into their own basket. Let the trust system alone, and the same conditions that brought it into existence will perpetuate it.

THE PASSING OF CERTAIN EPITHETS.

Contemporaneous with the growth of railways and patented inventions there was begun the amassing of fabulous wealth by men who keenly and sometimes unscrupulously took advantage of their opportunities.

When other men began to examine these new conditions to ascertain new restrictions or remedies, it was natural that those whose special privileges were to be cut off should seize the speediest weapons to discourage agitation. "No thief e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law, or the lawgivers.

Immediately their hired writers and speakers filled the land with objurgation, substituting epithets for argument and passion for reason. It is oming daily apparent that this method has lost its value.

"Anarchist" is still deservedly a term of reproach, because an anarchis proposes to abolish all government. But men's judgment is sufficiently cooled to see that this term cannot harm the man who asks for reform only through additions to the powers of government. Socialism may be visionary and Utopian, but the "socialist" is no longer

stigmatized as a public enemy because he has "hitched his wagon to a star" in his haste to bring about a millennium. Nowadays, propositions and proposer must be judged in the light of rational experience, remembering that many a thing like "municipal ownership"-a dream of thirty years ago The commonest epithet in current political jargon is "Populist." This

The commonest epithet in current political jargon is "Populist." This draft upon the prejudices of the past has long since been dishonored. Neither of the great parties agree with all the principles of the Populist And where you lay down your head, A friendly toad has gone to bed:

He is also camping. party, but both of them have accepted Populist aid when and wherever they could obtain it. Many of the Populist ideas are in successful use in this and other countries.

It augurs well for the returning mental equipoise of the people that a reformer can be estimated by the worth of his proposal and not by the abuse of those selfish interests he seeks to reform.

WILL A DUCK SWIM?

Reader, do you say that this is a foolish question? We reply cheerfully it may be under some conditions. Why ask it? So that you can answer a contemporaneous foolish accusation according to its folly.

It is alleged that the Democrats are not waging an honest campaign, since their only hope is to arouse the passion of envy and the hatred of riches. In order to properly weigh this charge let us first use an illustration.

anny in one guise or another? Do you suppose that Greed is organized for a holiday diversion?

Will a duck swim?

INFORMATION WANTED.

The plot thickens in China and the complications that are sure to follow must be as tortuous and involved as the most dramatic of plays. The interests involved are stupendous beyond conception; the forces aggregated have not been equaled since the dawn of history. Just what part the United States is to take in the drama does not yet appear.

General Chaffee has cabled the administration that we should withdraw all troops from Pekin as soon as the Americans there have reached places of safety. The administration, however, says there is no intention of withdrawing until a settlement of indemnity has been made. It believes General Chaffee speaks from a military standpoint only and has not considered the political conditions.

So far the public has been kept in the dark on the attitude of the executive toward China, except that we are assured this country wants no Chinese territory. Since the question of indemnity is to be settled by diplomacy, it is difficult to see why Chaffee's judgment is not as good as the views of Washington—unless this nation is to throw its weight into continental politics and insist on being mixed up in the Asiatic muddle. In that event it ought to be prepared to back up its diplomacy with an ferror of the great circle. Then began the conference, but it was only a subterfuge of the Datto Piang, for he had already armoved a programme which was to be

An anxious people await the indulgence of their rulers, and will they ranged a programme which was to be followed. kindly let us know whether the rescue of the Americans in Pekin was their only object; or are we to reconsider our "plain duty" once more, and be embroiled in an international row?

THE PRACTICAL LESSON INVOLVED.

The recent deplorable events in New York and Akron, O., are a fresh reminder of the race prejudice existing in the Caucasian heart of the United States regardless of latitude or longitude. This prejudice not only follows the black man, but it has pursued the yellow man, both before and since the days of the sand lots in San Francisco.

It is not necessary to inquire why this is so-neither to denounce nor to defend-in order to extract the present every-day practical moral. Let every one-take home with him these questions, to be decided, not in partisanship, but as sober citizens, co-ordinately charged with responsibility for the future

Though the Filipinos may be in fact competent to rule themselves, do you for that reason want them as citizens to help rule you?

If they are not fit for self-government, do you wish them to be your industrial and political slaves?

Is there anything in the race history of this country, or of any other, for that matter, that tempts you to add 10,000,000 brown men to our population, either as serfs or citizens?

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE

When the Spanish war broke out both the Cubans and the Filipinos were in active rebellion against Spain. This country made allies of the Cubans to take Santiago and allies of the Filipinos to take Manila. Keeping in view these facts, The Herald wants somebody to answer these questions: Did Admiral Dewey tell the truth when he reported to the navy department that the Filipinos are more cabaple of self-government than the Cubans and that he based his opinion on a knowledge of both races?

Did President McKinley tell the truth in December, 1898, when he solemnly declared in a message to congress: "I speak not of forcible annexation, because that is not to be thought of, and under our code of morality that would be criminal aggression?"

Who has been authorized to change our "code of morality" so that what is a crime in 1898 becomes a "duty" in 1900?

Tomorrow evening at Lagoon the G. A. R. committee will repeat its production of the attack on Fort Donelson, preceded by an afternoon programme of sports, in which the volunteers will appear in uniform. This performance is to make good the shortage from last week's display, which had to compete with numerous other strong attractions. Tomorrow's show promises to be one of the best spectacles ever given here and the veterans have a right to expect a large crowd.

The Provo Enquirer isn't often humorous—never intentionally so, but ery once in a while it stumbles onto a joke. It says in Thursday's issue:

The provo Enquirer isn't often humorous—never intentionally so, but it is needed now to bring the women into politics is a monopolistic combination of the ice cream soda water plants. every once in a while it stumbles onto a joke. It says in Thursday's issue: The record proves that the Democratic party has persistently and obstinate ly maintained an attitude of favoring the trusts, while the Republican party has as persistently and by every Constitutional means sought, when in power, to break them up." The joke is in the fact that people are expected to be

It is most impolite of Russia and France to insist on watching John Bull at Shanghai. No real gentleman should appear to be looking when another gentleman is appropriating his host's spoons. Is there no such thing as honor among the Powers in the matter of a division of the loot?

Omaha's loss of 38,000 population in a decade is explained as being due to a padded census in 1890. Chicago would have charged the discrepancy to incompetent enumerators-and proved it, too.

There is about as much news in the dispatch which tells of the acquittal of the Havana customs officials for frauds in their department as there would be in saying the sun rose yesterday.

An eastern editor devotes two columns of abuse to "The Tyranny of the Timely Topic." He must have had the weather in mind, though he doesn't say so.

Columbus Press-Post: If George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were alive they would both find themselves under the New York cowboy ban as "traitors," and "allies of Aguinaldo."

Columbus Press-Post: If George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were alive they would both find themselves under the New York cowboy ban as "traitors," and "allies of Aguinaldo."

While people pay their board.

When You're Out A-Camping.

(Catherine H. Gatrell.)

Lazy clouds go floating by, Baimy breezes round you sigh; Festive 'skeeters hover nigh, When you're out a-camping.

Sunbeams dancing through the leaves, Flirting with the passing breeze: Rheumatism in your knees, When you're out a-camping.

Having scaled a mountain high, On the ground you prostrate lie, Red ants quickly to you hie, When you're out a-camping. Now the heavens begin to frown, Soon the rain comes pouring down, How you wish you were in town, 'Stead of out a-camping.

Team of a contrary mind, Spite of trailer on behind, Flings your outfit to the wind, Coming home from camping.

Charming days of long ago, Tender memories brighter grow, Of that witching summer's glow, When we went a-camping.

LO, HE COMES!

(Washington Post.)

Let us attune our hearts to music and sing glad songs. Rooseveit is about to sally forth. The portcullis is to be low-ered and, clad in his rough rider suit, with his slouch hat athwart his manly since their only hope is to arouse the passion of envy and the hatred of riches. In order to properly weigh this charge let us first use an illustration.

If a locomotive runs over and kills your blooded horse, your dissatisfaction can hardly be attributed to envy of the superior speed of the locomotive. Or, if ? are tied to a railway track and you see bearing down the headlight or e locomotive, your sanity is not exactly open to suspicion if you betray some fear of the approaching catastrophe.

The first question for every man to decide is this: Is there an industrial, economic engine capable of destroying your rights and property and mangiling yourself beyond all recognition?

How do you estimate a combination of banks that can manipulate the currency and money markets to depress of raise stocks, can make a panic at will (and boasts of it), and which can and does dictate the policy of your government?

Is it significant that one corporation will pay more dividends in 1900 than all the national banks put together, although the latter are the most favored creatures of law in this nation?

What do you think of a railway situation where a half dozen men can dictate the commerce of a ration?

Can you overlook the syndicates and trusts to the number of 650 that control the price of nearly every important commodity in the United States today?

And when you have made the only possible answers to these questions, you will have admitted the existence of all the forces necessary to the destruction of individualism, welded into one compact mass—ready for warfaire to annihilate present social conditions and to defeat and destroy any political obstacle that gets on the track.

This gigantic engine, this Frankenstein of human creation—will it uses its power when given the opportunity? Since the world's history was first its power when given the opportunity? Since the world's history was first its power has a continual present social conditions and to defeat and destroy any political obstacle that gets on the track.

This gi

Manila, April 23.—For many months the Tagal governor of Cottabatta, in Mindanao, had lived on the fat of the land. When he and his staff needed money they levied a peremptory tribute on the moneyed men of the village, and in this way obtained large sums to support themselves in their indolent and high-handed life of luxury and licentiousness. Most of the merchants were Chinese, for in nearly all of the island communities the Chinese are the business men and have most of the money. So the gover-

ranged a programme which was to be followed.

The Chinese merchants came forward and recounted their wrongs and lifted their voices against the Tagal tyrants. But the latter only smiled in derision, for they considered the Chinese a prey for all in power. The Datto Plang also spoke in defense of the Chinese, but the Tagals, in fancied security, treated his words with disdain. The great circle of Moros, every one with barong and kris, sat silent and waited.

Finally there came a pause in the conference, and Datto Plang arose and, turning deliberately around, looked long at the eager faces of the Moros that sat about him. There was a long silence, and then Plang said something in Moro. In an Instant the whole scene was changed. In stead of the silent though crowded plaza, there was a flashing of knives and a hideous roar of angry Moro voices. From the outskirts of the crowd the women called out cries of encouragement.

ment.

It was all over in five minutes. The heads of the governor and his staff, eleven in all, lay staring with glassy eyes at the sky, and their bloody bodies lay some distance away, amid infuriated Moros, who hacked and plundered them as they lay sweltering. lay sweltering.
This was the end of Tagal rule in Datto Piang's domain.

A few days later the Chinese merchants addressed a letter to General Otis. It called him "most powerful chief," and bade him to send his soldiers to Cottabatta, where they would be welcomed with great thankfulness and gratitude. "The Tagalos will offer no opposition, for we have executed the leaders in a quiet and orderly manner in the plaza, and all the Moro people and all the Chinese are praying that the Americans will come and rule over them."

And after some weeks our troops went to Cottabatta and were received with great thankfulness and rejoicing. And of all of our friends there is none more upright and stanch than the just but stern Datto Plang, the powerful.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

Houston Post: It begins to look as if the bear was disposed to take the lion's share in China.

Philadelphia Times: As in the famous case of the tiger, now that the United States has hold of the Chinese dragon's tail the thing is to know how to let go. Kansas City Star: Asbury Park is no sufficiently religious, even at the height of the evangelical season, to impart an odor of sanctity to Mark Hanna or to his school of politics.

Atlanta Journal: Mr. Bryan takes well with the Irish-Americans. There is nothing strange about that. Mr. Bryan is the champion of the rights and interests of all the people and is welcomed by all classes of them.

Pittsburg Post: Some of the Republican campaign fallacies are as fearful and wonderful as the "bullet that went through John Marcus' head, knocked out one of his eyes and remained in the skull and finally worked out at the place t went in at." They're puzzlers! St. Paul Globe: Teddy is beginning to explain his St. Paul speech, in which he arraigned Democracy in his usual vituperative style. Lots of things he could explain, but will not. He has not yet explained why he swore in Washington that he was not a citizen of New York to escape the payment of taxes, and yet shortly after turned up in New York as a candidate for governor.

BRYAN'S POPULAR STRENGTH.

(Sacramento Bee.) The predominant cause of the imme The predominant cause of the immense following and heart-to-heart popularity which William J. Bryan has in this country is due principally to the fact, which even his enemies admit—that he is thoroughly honest and sincere, a man as near perfection in character and in principle as it is permitted for sinful man to be. For years Bryan has been in the fierce white light that beats upon an American public man, and not even his strongest political adversaries have been able to find one flaw in his moral worth. That is a great thing to say of any public man in any country.

Gold Organ Eulogizes Bryan.

Haven Register, the organ of the gold Democrate of the state, which has here-tofore been severe in its denunciation of the Nebraska statesman. In discussing his recent speech of acceptance the Regis-

ter says:

"It is a new Bryan, new to the arena of public discussion, who wrote that speech, and simple candor compels the statement, without in any way compromising the maker of it, that it surpasses in cleverness and enlightenment any public address that has been made from the standpoint of imperialism. It is a much wiser and more sane presentation than those made by Schurz, Hoar and Boutwell.

well.

"It not only presents with masculine force the points of opposition to the president's alleged policy, but it offers an explicit programme in event of victory. He deserves credit for removing from the issue of anti-imperialism the preposterous and ridiculous characteristics with which the emotionalists of Boston invested it, and making it a tangible and intelligible demand in government. He has raised the level of the discussion and presented clearly the merits of the controversy between colonialism and territorialism."

(Boston Transcript, Ind. Rep.)

The Republican papers show a regrettable tendency to underestimate the strength of Mr. Bryan's arguments, brushing them lightly aside as mere rhetorical fustian. Instead of debating the issue of "imperialism" with Mr. Bryan, as he challenges them to do, they ridicule his style and ignore his arguments. The speech does not merit the contemptuous treatment which it has received from many of the ultra-imperialistic organs. As we stated yesterday, it is the strongest public utterance which Mr. Bryan has yet made and cannot be dismissed with abusive personalities.

(Chicago News, Ind.)
Viewed as a declaration from the antiimperialistic expansion point of view, Mr.
Bryan's Indianapolis speech is by far the
most able and eloquent presentation of
the subject that has yet been made. The
doctrines enunciated on this policy are in
accordance with American history and
the traditions of a freedom-loving people.
In discussing the various phases of the
matter, Mr. Bryan expressed some of
these beliefs and traditions of the American people in striking and expressive
form.

he has matured and broadened in his views and his intellectual grasp. While characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any straining after mere rhetorical effect, but, on the contrary, is full of solid meat—meat for grown men as well as bables. From its simple and modest exordium to its spiendid peroration it is achroughout argumentative and unanswerable. The Democrats will have no better literature to circulate than this initial speech in the campaign of their eloquent. literature to circulate than this initi speech in the campaign of their eloquer leader.

A Defense of Colonel Bryan.

(San Francisco Chronicle, Rep.) A curious campaign lie-this tin parently in the interest of McKinley-Most of the merchants were Chineses, for in nearly all of the island communities the Chinese are the business men and found public utterance through the columns of the money. So the governor bled them without mercy, until they appealed to Datto Plang for help and protection.

Now the Datto Plang is a powerful Moro chieftain and has a tremendous following. He is just and stern, and when he decided to rid the province of the Tagal tyranny it was natural that he should select a Spartan remedy.

A great conference was called in Cottabatta. All the Moros came and seated themselves in the plaza. The governor expenses of any candidate for president of the United States may be set down not only as a campaign lie, but as one of the silliest of such ever set afloat.

Finally the old man leaned over and touched the bootblack on the shoulder.

"My boy," he said in kind tones, "I do not care so much about the appearance of my shoes as I do about my comfort. On this spot (he touched that part of his left shoe which covered the little toe) I have a corn. It is a nice corn, of lusty growth. Hit it hard; I like it, as it makes me feel good."

makes me feel good." The bootblack "tumbled" Talented Families.

(London Tid Bits.)
The unmusical member of a musical family will appreciate the following con-"Do you play any instrument, Mr.

Jimp?"

"Yes; I'm a cornist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a planist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"Ho's a pessimist."

This reminds us of another fragment of contemporary talk.

"Don't you think," asked the young girl graduate, "that Miss Spring is a charming poetess?" gtr graduate, "that Miss Spring is a charming poetess?"

"Waal," said Uncle Solomon, with deiberation, "I think she is a mighty sweet poetess! I'm sure her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming paintress, and her aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptress, and her mother used to be a capital dishwashress. It's a talented family, hers is."

His Plan.

(New York Press.)

The new minister, walking down the street, encountered a little chapt vainly trying to ring a door bell that was too far above his head. "Wait, my son." said the good man. "Let me ring it for you." He gave the bell rope a vigorous pull. "And what now, my boy?" he said. "Now," said the boy, "run like he; that's what I'm a-goin' ter do."

Regardless of Cost. (Ohio State Journal)

Clerk (to employer)—What shall I mark that new lot of black silk? Employer—Mark the selling price \$3 a yard. Clerk-But it only cost \$1 a yard. Employer-I don't care what it cost. am selling it regardless of cost.

Corroborative Evidence. (Baltimore American.)

"The Chinese," said the pale young man who knows everything, "have been writing romances for 7,000 years."
"I believe it," replied the husky man, "Look at the fine work they've turned out in the last two months."

(Washington Star.) "De way dese railroads is run," com-

rage."
"What's de matter wid 'em?" "What's de matter wid 'em?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Dey don't take no account of de comfort of passengers. De idea of makin' us use ordinary box cars dis hot weather instid o' fixin' it so's we kin get in somewheres nex' to de cold storage!"

The Sea Side Landlord. (Washington Star.)
Full many a gem lies buried deep
Within the coral cave;
Full many a galleon rich must sleep
Beneath the ocean wave.

POEMS WORTH READING.

God of War. (Elizabeth Jeanette Cooper, in Columbus Press-Post.) Why this thirst for blood of men—this awful greed,
ful greed,
That plunges thro' ranks of flesh, to feed?
Why still the throb of heart—e'en of suckling babe,
And stain the stubble of fields, and leaves of glade,
With the sap that God gave life and its need?

Why measure sorrow so deep-greater than ocean's depth,
And lay misery down, a pall for the earth's length?

And rift into the candle's socket a plume (Special to New York Journal.)

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 13.—William J.

Bryan was culogized tonight by the New The hearthstone of him who gave his strength?

Why should the world be in a reeking whirl, akin
To battle's ghastly, sickening, bloody din;
The tumultuous clash of steel, of shot and The tumultuous clash of steel, of shot and shell.

With the groans of the dying, too horrible to tell—

Victims of thy unholy mandate, and thy sin?

O God of War! Wheel thy chariots of fire Stifle the breath of thy chargers in this woeful train.

And smother the evils and staunch the gurgling flow.

The shrieks from earth to heaven from tortur'd blow,
And send white-wing'd messengers of Peace to reign.

To Arcady. (Beatrice Hanscom in Kansas City Star.) In varying tons they make their plea. The young and old and worldly-wise,

Cajoling, plaintive, wistfully;
"Tell us the way to Arcady;
We fain would see Arcadian skies,
Would live that wondrous life and free;
Tell us the way to Arcady," But I-I sing: "Though there must be Full many a path that wends its way By hedge and woodland, dale and lea, To that dear land of Arcady.

I've but a single word to say:

The Return to Life

(Post Wheeler in New York Press.)
The Nee's my mouth for kisses,
And here's my heart for rest.
But never hour but misses
His head upon my breast.

Dear lad! For each that's sleeping, Another wakes more to So say they—but I'm we The one dear arm of

The Circuit Rider. (James Barton Adams in Denver Post.) In the backwoods of Ohio, in the days of

form.

(Chicago Record, Ind.)

All Americans, of whatever view of the great question discussed, should read this notable speech. It is an important contribution to a great discussion.

(Baltimore Sun, Ind. Dem.)

The Indianapolis speech abundantly justifies the contention of Mr. Bryan's friends that during the past four years he has matured and broadened in his views and his intellectual grasp. While characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any estrained artist characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any estrained artist characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any estrained artist characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any estrained artist characterized by his usual facility and felicity of expression, it is notably free from any estrained artist choir. There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing tide, No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside, Naught to set the plous spirit of the pioness of living fire and the people did the singing, not a trained artist choir, There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing tide, No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside, Naught to set the plous spirit of the pioness of living fire and the people did the singing, not a trained artist choir, There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing tide, No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside, Naught to set the plous spirit of the pioness of living fire and the people did the singing, not a trained artist choir, There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing tide, No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside, Naught to set the plous spirit of the days of long ago, When the spirit of the Master fell as flames of living fire.

He was usually mounted on the sorriest of nags.
All his outlit for the journey packed in leather saddlebags.
And he'd travel with the Bible or the hymn book in his hand.
Reading sacred word or singing of the happy promised land.
How the tolling wives would glory in the dinners they would spread.
And how many a hapless chicken or a turkey lost its head
By the gleaming chopper wielded by the hand of sturdy dame.
For it wasn't very often that the circuit rider came. He was usually mounted on the se

when the circuit rider came of the United States may be set down not only as a campaign lie, but as one of the silliest of such ever set afloat.

SHORT STORIES.

Acknowledging the Corn.

The old gentleman was having his shoes polished in the cabin of a ferryboat. The boy was using a little more "elbow grease" than was warranted by the exigencies of the "shine" and a look of pain passed over his customer's face. Finally the old man leaned over and

When at the Last.

(Virginia Woodward Cloud in Harper's Bazar.) When at last I lay me down to sleep, And of the morrow's dawning recken When night no more, no more may vigil keep, And love's brief noon is but a dream Back to the past, its sad and variant ways,
Be thou the warder of my yesterdays. Amid the paths long lost, or sought too Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late.

Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,

If there be one that lieth clear and straight—
Unseen, perchance forgot—Thou mayest find

Even in that perverse, perplexing maze,
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.

So oft hath love's torch wavered, love's feet failed,
Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere but to weep;
Blind thou the sight by memory assailed.
When at the last I lay me down to sleep. sleep, And through time's deep and labyrinthital Crown thou some moment in my yester-

days. True Love Can Ne'er Forget. (C. J. M. Allen in London Literary World.)

Oh, say not now, "Forget!"
Though I have loved, and, loving, I have lost; Though now on seas of anguish I am tossed; The sun in darkness set Oh, say not now, "Forget!" Fond love and I have met.

There lived no twin more glad in all the land. Fond love and I have met:

I still am in love's debt;
For, though stern fate my love from me doth part,
Yet still I hold love's memory in my heart.
I still am in love's debt:
Oh, say not now, "Forget!" True love knows no regret.

Though life may not give back my love to me, In death at last we shall united be.

True love knows no regret: True love can ne'er forget GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

(Washington Post.) It is a good sign of the times that Engand is at last wearying of the senseless inexcusable and cruel attempts to crush out of South Africa the one spark of numan freedom glowing there. Of course, the war will go on. Great Britain has already wantonly sacrificed too much blood and money for her rulers to agree to lay down their arms. It would be oceasion for world-wide rejoicing if they casion for world-wide rejoiches, but, in the meantime, let us be thankful that the murmur of protest, the echo of which comes to us across the Atlantic, is evidence that all of the English people are neither heartless nor blind and that the love of human liberty is not altogether extinct in their souls.